

33 1/3 Discount



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Early Midsummer Clearing Sale

THE USUAL CUSTOM has been to hold Midsummer Sales in July and August—when what was left of spring and summer suits were sacrificed. While our spring trade has been satisfactory—the backward spring weather has made its impression—Some lines of suits are almost complete—while others are badly broken in sizes—and our best judgment leads us to believe that instead of waiting and making this offer in July—that we had better give you this grand opportunity NOW at the proper season when you have an actual use for it—and the chance to purchase the famous clothing of Browning, King & Co. manufacture at cost and less at this time of the year is an opportunity not to be dispised—Our two front tables are piled high with several hundred suits for you to select from and all have received this great cut of—

33 1/3%

Every suit is warranted. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.

EXAMPLES OF OUR CLEARING SALE:

\$5.00 suits—33 1/3 per cent off	\$3.35	\$12.50 suits—33 1/3 per cent off	\$8.35	\$20.00 suits—33 1/3 per cent off	\$13.35
\$6.50 suits—33 1/3 per cent off	\$4.35	\$13.50 suits—33 1/3 per cent off	\$9.00	\$22.50 suits—33 1/3 per cent off	\$15.00
\$8.00 suits—33 1/3 per cent off	\$5.35	\$15.00 suits—33 1/3 per cent off	\$10.00	\$25.00 suits—33 1/3 per cent off	\$16.75
\$10.00 suits—33 1/3 per cent off	\$6.65	\$18.00 suits—33 1/3 per cent off	\$12.00	\$28.00 suits—33 1/3 per cent off	\$18.65

Sizes 34 to 50—SALE COMMENCES MONDAY MORNING.



BROWNING KING & CO.

S. W. Cor. 15th and Douglas Sts.
R. S. WILCOX, Manager.

33 1/3 Discount

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SUCCESS WON BY THE TITLE

How the Author of "The Choir Invisible" Forged His Way to the Front.

PERSONAL STUDY OF JAMES LANE ALLEN

Fierce Battle for Literary Recognition—Why He Writes About Kentucky—Where He Works in Washington and How.

Every afternoon, whether the sun shines or not, a tall, dignified gentleman walks down the stone steps of a plain-looking private residence at 1421 K street, in Washington, and disappears along one of the adjacent avenues. He is erect and almost solidly in appearance, his hair is gray and his mustache shows the white marks of time. There is a kindly but fearless look in the eyes that twinkle behind the gold-rimmed spectacles. The dignity of demeanor and innate charm of manner strongly suggest the southern gentleman of a type fast passing away. This tall gentleman is the most celebrated Kentuckian in Washington, and one of the most successful writers of fiction of the last decade of the nineteenth century.

Ten years ago James Lane Allen was tasting the first fruits of a hard-earned literary success, and was emerging from a struggle with poverty such as few American authors have known. With his own hand and brain he has made for himself a way that is now one of distinguished ease. He has probably reached a wider audience than any living American writer, and in strange contrast with the scope of his hearing is the absolute lack of knowledge concerning his life. A vast clientele knows him as the author of a book that has passed the hundredth thousand, but it is quite another thing to be in touch with the temperament of the man who created John Gray and the sweet sisterhood that has for its ornaments Elster Dorothea and Amy Falconer.

A certain reserve has characterized James Lane Allen, precluding the encroachments of a curious public. His own life has remained the thing apart from his success, and as that success has crowded him more and more into the world's gaze he has remained the same dignified gentleman as when in the years ago he walked hand in hand through the Bluegrass fields with the children of his fancy. He is thoroughly identified in life and letters with Kentucky, and his triumph has not meant an alienation from the original "locality."

Years have passed since he last lived in Kentucky and far from his own people drew their pictures and opened his gallery to the reading world. In the Avondale hills of Cincinnati, where the hills of Kentucky were only a misty blue across the Ohio, he wrote the idylls of that commonwealth, and in New York and in Washington he has done the work that has put him in the front rank of American literary men.

of his work in manuscript is a mere mould in which the remaining thoughts are cast and reshaped and from which the story issues in its complete form.

Allen spends every afternoon out of doors. He is an enthusiastic cyclist. One of his favorite rides is around the capitol and down the broad avenue in front of the congressional library. When he is in New York, and he lived there until the winter of 1888, he invariably dined out. In Washington, however, he is applying himself more strenuously to his work and dines at his boarding house. At night there is a theater, vaudeville, concert or opera. He is a lover of music. He caught the first melody in his childhood when the note of the cardinal reached his ear in the Kentucky forest land.

of working models. "King Solomon of Kentucky" was based on an actual incident in early Kentucky life. The only clue to the celebrated person in "The Choir Invisible" was a slab bearing his name in the Episcopal church at Lexington, Ky.

Once in Kentucky I asked James Lane Allen why he had written so much about his native state and he said: "I know that the two elements underlying the success of any writer are these—a love of his subject and a knowledge of it. Some write with the necessary knowledge and without the love; others, with the requisite love, but without the knowledge."

Allen believes that all literary work whether imaginative or otherwise must have the basic element of goodness. No writer has enjoyed his works more. His success

practically necessity that placed him there. He is of the opinion that it is an American custom, without precedent, in the German, Russian, Scandinavian literatures," said Mr. Allen, "there are no instances. In England there is very little. Englishmen who have read from their own works have done so in this country. It is the American way. The author began as a lecturer and out of it grew the modern lyceum. Originally of the purpose was instruction. Now it has come to be amusement."

When Allen was a boy. Allen comes from Virginia ancestry with Scotch-Irish antecedents. His grandfathers on both sides were soldiers, and he is related to many of the most distinguished families of the south.

His father was Richard Allen and his mother Helen Foster. Both had considerable fortunes, but the recklessness of the father resulted in a gradual shrinkage of estate. James Lane Allen was born in a handsome two-story brick country home on the Versailles pike, seven miles from Lexington, in the far-famed blue grass lands. It is a most beautiful country, with rolling lands and picturesque woods. Here the boy spent his early childhood, alone often with nature. When he was 4 years old the family estate passed out of their hands, and his mother moved to a small area of land, which came to her in the division of her father's estate. The new home where Allen was to complete his youth and begin his early manhood was only two miles and a half from Lexington.

His mother was a woman of rare charms and gracious manner. From his earliest childhood Lane Allen was much in her company. She was his first teacher. The enforced solitude when a child directed the whole course of Allen's life. In 1866 Allen matriculated at Transylvania university at Lexington. He entered under a serious financial handicap. His father had just failed in business, and he was forced to walk to Lexington every day and return. Often he was insufficiently clothed, and one winter he was without underwear. He suffered much from exposure, and his health in later years showed the results. Allen's first college distinction was the fact that he was the tallest man in his class. He is remembered today as a finished classical scholar, and was the best student in Greek in the history of the institution. He detested mathematics, but was careful and painstaking in his studies.

It was while at college, when he was 21 years of age, that his father died. The absolute care of his family devolved upon him, and it was to remain many years. In 1872 he graduated with honors.

For the next twelve years he was either a school teacher, a private tutor or a college professor.

In student days at Transylvania he had written considerable verse, and had translated some of Schiller's poems into English. From his earliest manhood he had entertained a profound dislike for fiction. He detested a novel, and looked even with disdain upon the modern standard romances. Upon his return to Lexington he felt an irresistible impulse to write.

His First Writing. In 1884 Allen had yet to read his first novel. During that year some one placed in his hands a copy of Henry James' "Portrait of a Lady." Allen read it with the critical mind of a pedagogue. To him the work fairly bristled with inaccuracies. His criticism took the form of a paper entitled, "The First Page of the 'Portrait of a Lady,'" his first prose production.

He sent the paper to the Critic, and to his inexpressible delight it was accepted. He received a check for \$8. In the fullness of his joy he resolved to devote his first literary earnings to art. He took the first train to Cincinnati and heard the production of "The Messiah." Thrilled by the music of the great Handel oratorio his fancy took wing in verse. On the train home he wrote

a poem, "In Mid-Winter." He sent it to Harpers, and it was accepted.

In 1884, with \$200 in his pocket, he went to New York. He was without influence, because he sought no influence, being determined that whatever happened he, and he alone, should be responsible.

Allen lived first in a wretched room at 140 East Thirty-first street. It was a top floor room, miserably furnished, and there was seldom a fire in the winter. Up to the time of his arrival in New York he had not written a line of fiction.

His calm resolve to make a way to literature started and even amused the New York magazine editors. But he was sincere in his determination, and confident of eventual success. One of his first articles was "Types of American Women in Henry James." It was taken by the Continent, which was then in the height of its popularity. With infinite toil and after exhaustive research Allen compiled an article on the "Early American Magazines," but there was no purchaser. It went from magazine to magazine, but always came back. In later years it was published serially in the New York Evening Post. An essay on "Foe" attracted attention, as well as a scholarly paper on "Literary Circles in Balzac's Time." The latter elicited a favorable criticism from the celebrated English reviewer, Edmund Yates.

Naturally Kentucky was the home of his first creations. Kentucky was always the land of promise. Disappointed over the failure of his classical and critical work to take, he applied himself to fiction. Amid

accepted, but his remuneration was doubled with each succeeding communication.

It was the first time that the lowlands of Kentucky had been invaded. It was a new field and a new writer had explored it. It was while traveling through the pleasant fields that his famous short stories suggested themselves. The visit to the Trappist monks had led to the conception of "Father Patemon" and "The White Cow" paved the way for the succeeding stories that formed the contents of his first book, "Flute and Violin," which was published in 1890. It was followed a year later by "The Bluegrass Region of Kentucky." Then there was a prompt recognition of the Kentucky author.

In the early '90s Allen lived for the most part in Kentucky, residing for two years at Cynthiana. In 1891 he moved to Cincinnati, where he wrote "John Gray," and the following year he went to Europe in search of health. His next work was "A Kentucky Cardinal" in 1891, followed in 1894 by a "Summer in Arcady." "Aftermath" was written in 1895 and "The Choir Invisible" between the autumn of 1896 and the spring of 1897.

In 1895, as a matter of preference, James Lane Allen moved to New York, where he resided until the winter of 1898, when he went temporarily to Washington.

The story of the naming of "The Choir Invisible" his most successful book, is interesting. The book is a revision of "John Gray." It was the original intention of Mr. Allen, as well as his publisher, to retain the first name. The agents of the house were on their way to California and every

arrangement made for a thorough advertisement of the book as "John Gray."

One morning Allen received a message from the publishers. It was suggested to him that it would be advisable to change the name of the book. "We can reach our agents by wire," it was said, "before they get to San Francisco. We must have the name, if there is to be a change, at once."

main stream and the people for miles around had an abundant supply for several weeks.

The waters of London, England, held a meeting recently, at which the unanimous opinion was expressed that tipping showed the true gentleman, and that the man who refused to tip ought to have his food and drink fired at him.

At a fashionable party in Atchison, Kan., the other day, each lady guest was required to thread a needle while sitting balanced on the slender end of a jug with her feet raised from the floor and extended. Without more than referring to the acrobatic nature of this performance, we must turn with profound gratification to the knowledge that at last Atchison is beginning to temper its amusements with a little intellectuality. It takes brains to thread a needle under such circumstances.

Two years ago a Maine lumbering party, not being able to find the conventional green ash for planking their shed, had recourse to a green rock maple slab. The heat started the sap in the wood, which bubbled and hissed about the fish, imparting its delicate flavor to the dish when ready to be served, and lo! it was discovered that a new table delicacy had been added to the world's cuisine. Now there is no more green ash planked shad for the Maine people, but sugar maple every time.

There has not been a failure or a fire in Mazatlan, Mexico, for almost fifteen years, and losses on account of bad debts amount to very little. There are three banks, and three of the largest merchants have a banking department connected with their stores.



JAMES LANE ALLEN (from most recent photo.)



JAMES LANE ALLEN'S OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

ULCERS FOR 35 YEARS

Eleven on One Limb at One Time With Excruciating Pain. All Remedies Tried, and Numberless Physicians Little Benefit. CUTICURA Speedily Cures.

My mother has been a victim to ulcers from various veins for thirty-five years. Eleven of those terrible sores have existed at one time on the limb affected. Excruciating pain and intense suffering were endured, with all sorts of remedies on trial and numberless physicians' calls and prescriptions applied, but all practically without little benefit. However, at last the remedial agent was found in CUTICURA (continued), which surely proved its weight in gold, alleviating pain and causing healing processes to commence and a cure speedily effected. She has, also, used CUTICURA with marked benefit in erysipelas of the face and neck. The CUTICURA SOAP, also, has established a record only as the best cleansing, purifying, and healing in its nature, having proved itself a most excellent and valuable auxiliary to the CUTICURA (ointment).

I would remark that this testimonial is entirely uncolored, being a voluntary contribution for humanity's sake, and the commendation of the CUTICURA REMEDIES to the fullest confidence, being satisfied of their purity, gentleness, and almost miracle-working power. (Beware of cheap imitations.)
March 16, 1898. W. T. MORSE, Cabot, Va.
CUTICURA
Begins with the Blood and Ends with The Skin and Scalp.
That is to say, CUTICURA REMEDIES, greatest of blood and circulating fluids of the body, cleanses the blood, and cures the skin, and cures the scalp, and cures the hair, when all other remedies fail. Being a voluntary contribution for humanity's sake, and the commendation of the CUTICURA REMEDIES to the fullest confidence, being satisfied of their purity, gentleness, and almost miracle-working power. (Beware of cheap imitations.)
SAVE YOUR HANDS! Buy and Use CUTICURA SOAP.